

# The Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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**Calvinistic Methodist**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 and 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

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Western, " at 10 o'clock, P. M.

**MAILS CLOSE.**  
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Western, " at 6 o'clock, A. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Armstrong, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

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The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

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West—Express Train leaves at 9:08 A. M.  
Mail Train " 8:17 P. M.  
East—Express Train " 7:30 P. M.  
Fast Line " 12:35 P. M.  
Mail Train " 6:23 A. M.  
[The Fast Line West does not stop.]

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## National Poetry.

On! Brothers, On!

Air—"Hail to the Chief."

BY SARAH WARNER BROOKS.

On! brothers, on! for the flag that is peerless!  
Striped from the rainbow, and starred from the sky—  
On with a sturdy step! dauntless and fearless!  
On! to unfurl it in triumph, or die!  
Honored in all the lands—  
Now shall unholy hands  
Trail it, defiled and despised, in the dust!  
Down with the "traitor's rag!"  
Up with the starry flag!  
Death for our Banner, and God for the just!  
Fiercely at Sumter have thundered their cannon—  
Bravely the guns of our hero replied!  
On! for the ashes that slumber at Vernon!  
On! for the city whose name is our pride!  
Now let our country's guns  
Sweep down the bastard sons!  
Woe for her chivalry's flower in the dust!  
Down with the "traitor's rag!"  
Up with the starry flag!  
Death for our Banner, and God for the just!  
On, with a prayer! there is peril before us!  
On, in the face of Death, fearless and proud!  
Life! with the flag that our fathers waved  
O'er us!  
Death! with its crimson-stained folds for a shroud!  
Now for our "father land,"  
Strike with true heart and hand!  
Loyal our venture—Heavenward our trust!  
Down with the "traitor's rag!"  
Up with the starry flag!  
Death for our Banner! and God for the just!

[FOR THE ALLEGHANIAN.]

### DESCRIPTION OF SANTA BARBARA.

An Extract from a private letter of a gentleman connected with the California State Geographical Survey.

Santa Barbara is the old Spanish Mexican part of California; is quite old; was settled by the Padres or Spanish missionaries, who christianized and partially civilized the Indians, and built large churches, becoming in the course of time very powerful and rich. Their wealth excited the cupidity of the Mexican Government, which robbed them of all their property and crushed their power. The principal seats of power were the missions, and these are now in ruins. There are a number of them in Southern California, but none are more interesting than the old mission of Santa Barbara. It stands about two miles from the present town, (San Louis Obispo), on a lovely elevation which slopes beautifully to the ocean. Behind rises the rugged mountains of Sierra Santa Inez, out of which flows a noble stream. Here were gathered thousands of Indians. A town with all its appurtenances was built; a fine old church, large and grand, with monastery, gardens, &c., erected. Now nothing remains but a ruin. The houses are roofless, grass grows in the streets, the walls (of sun-burnt brick) are crumbling with every rain to mere piles of clay, in which thousands of ground squirrels burrow.

I rode and walked over the ruins several times, but always with a feeling of sadness. The stream was once controlled by a large dam, having its waters carried by a long aqueduct into great reservoirs built of finest masonry; from these it turned a mill, supplied the fountains in front of the church, then irrigated the gardens, fields and vineyards on the slope below. All is now a ruin. The aqueduct is broken, the mill old and roofless, the cisterns dilapidated, the fountains dry and weeds growing in their basins. The sculptured lions and bears, from whose mouths issued the water, are broken. Weeds grow rank on their old threshing-floors, their yards for cattle are empty, the vineyards and fields are destroyed. In their once beautiful gardens the fountains have ceased to play, the palm and orange trees are dead, the olive and fig-tree decrepit and dying, the white painted fence and the gray stone wall have partly tumbled down.

As I stood beneath one of the half withered palms and listened to the wind, I wondered if it might not have been the trysting-tree of some proud Spaniard and his dark-browed, flashing-eyed lady, for I read carved on the bark, "Don and Donna Lep;" and then Time had taken his hand and blurred the rest, so that I could not make out the date. A gray beaked bird came and flew round and round the mouth of one of the half-broken basins, and lowered his head into the hollow, perhaps in search of water; but finding none, flew angrily screaming away toward the ocean. Did that grave by the gate of the church,

yard hold the dust of the maid who proudly tossed back her midnight hair and smiled at the fair image the water, in this same basin from which the bird had angrily flown, gave back?

Ah!—we all mock at decay, and put death at the furthest possible point from us. The Spanish maiden, if such that grave held, was no more foolish than we. These churches, buildings, basins, trees and all were there in their strength, but Time, the leveler of so much of earth, laid his hand heavily, and when he lifted it, "decay" was written everywhere.

The church is very large, being 150 feet long and 50 feet wide. It has the usual number of pictures, statues and images always found in old Catholic churches. It is built of stone, and no bar ever better withstood the ravages of time than the town about it. It is most picturesque in its decay. The interior of the church is ornamented with rude but bright frescoes by Indian artists. A few old oil paintings from Spain and Mexico hang on the wall, softened by time but spotted by neglect; while the frames in which they were set are becoming mouldy and worm-eaten. The images, once bright and gaudy with paint and tinsel, are now dingy and tattered. Here again Time has written "decay."

A few Franciscan monks keep the monastery and church in repair. We called on the oldest, "Father Gonsales," an old Spaniard, who had known the mission in its days of prosperity, and could tell of former wealth and busy life where now all is poverty and desolation; could tell of a wilderness reclaimed and made fruitful, of savages taught the arts of civilized life, and of heathen converted. But the wealth has departed, the Indians are scattered, and the rule of the Roman church passed away forever.

Night's curtain was falling and dark shadows already creeping through the dusty aisles and over the faded pictures of Santa Barbara's old Spanish church when I passed from its solitude the evening of my first visit. Low black clouds hung over the "pile of ruins" as I stepped upon the grass-grown way. Muttering thunder broke on the ear, and the vivid lightning came, flash after flash, brightening the silver points of the broken cross. The orange and palm trees, a few of which were still growing near the monastery, turned up the silver side of their leaves and rustled solemnly. The first heavy drops of rain sounded monotonously as they fell into the hollow of one of the half-broken stone basins. I sought the hospitality of Father Gonsales, and from a window watched the progress of the storm and pictured the past scenes of this present desolation alternately. As I gazed upon the ruins, I could scarcely believe I was in America. It carried me back again to the old world with its decayed greatness, its ruins of former splendor. It carried me back to its histories of bloodshed and wrong, its stripes of races and religions;—and, indeed, it is the same story, the same drama enacted here on the shores of the Pacific.

"Man rears a pyramid, and on it writes 'endurable.'  
Time and tempest touch it, each leaves its mark.  
If it is marble white, there is a stain;  
If it is granite gray, it blackens.  
Years roll on years, days, months go in and out,  
Dust turns to dust, the architect is dead.  
A son of the next century stands by the ruin,  
He talks, long, wisely talks, of 'fall decay.'  
Then proudly walks away, builds his own pyramid, and dies.  
We know, yet will not own, what creatures of to-day we are."

**BULLY FOR THE CHIVALRY.**—The Charlestonians tell a good story at their own expense, which well illustrates their want of discipline. A company was keeping guard at the Arsenal. The Colonel of the Regiment passing by, saw the sentinels inattentive to his duty. He took away his gun, and then entered the Arsenal. A subordinate officer was concocting a cocktail.

"Where is the Captain?" the Colonel asked.  
"Up stairs."  
"Please say to him that I want to see him."  
"Well, after I take a drink," said the subaltern. After swallowing his toddy he went up stairs to the Captain.  
"The Colonel is down stairs, and wants to see you, Captain."  
"Well, if he wants to see me more than I do him, just tell him to walk up," said the Captain, who was lying on a bed.  
The Colonel went up stairs, and found the Captain taking things easy. "Sir, you ought to be drilling your company.—Your sentinel don't know how to do his duty, and I took his gun away from him."  
"Well, I dare say he will be much obliged to you, I reckon he was tired carrying it."

### The Philosophy of Bathing.

Dr. Mayo G. Smith, in the following article, gives sounder reasons for the practice of frequent bathing than any other writer on this subject we have ever met with. Indeed, we see nothing for it but to give the plumber a job forthwith, so we may tumble out of bed into a cold water bath, even though the temperature be twenty degrees below zero.

There are in the human body 2,700,000 glands and 7,900,000 pores, from 2000 to 3000 to the square inch, one-eighth of an inch in depth, making twenty-eight miles of human drainage!

Five-eighths of all that is eaten passes off through these pores, and but one per cent. of all perspirable matter consists of solid substances. The change in the muscles, tissues and bones, occurs in from one to three years, and in the entire body in from six to seven years. If this old matter be retained it causes disease—it is a real virus.

Some diseases are relieved almost instantly by opening the pores. Diarrhoea is frequently cured; matter from the mucous membrane is expelled through the skin; tobacco, opium and mercury have been thus exuded. Whatever through the skin the body can expel, it can absorb. Hold the end of your finger in spirits of turpentine, it is absorbed; goes through the system, and may be detected by its odor. Constant handling of arsenic has produced death by absorption.

The doctor relates an account of a gentleman in Barbadoes, who was in the habit of daily intoxication, and had constructed a tub, with a pillow to accommodate his head, and when in this state was placed therein, and the tub was filled with cold water, in which he reposed for two or three hours, and would then arise refreshed and invigorated. When his wife or family required him, they would wake him up by taking out the plug and allowing the water to escape, when he would pleasantly complain of the "loss of his bedclothes!"

Dr. Crook, a student of Sir Astley Cooper, once poisoned a dog, which immediately plunged into a neighboring river, and remained for some time with his body entirely submerged, after which he left his watery hospital and ran home cured. Dogs have been repeatedly cured of hydrophobia by holding them in water.

Thirst has often been relieved by immersion, even in salt water, the salt, probably, being excluded during the process of transudation. Mutton bones, boiled a long time in soft water, with a slight addition of calcined potash, made fresh every day, have imparted to the water such nourishing properties that the patient bathing therein daily, and taking nothing but a few teaspoonfuls of tea twice a day, and one tablespoonful of tonic syrup, gained fifteen and a half pounds in as many weeks, simply by absorption.

Perspiration is eliminated from all parts of the body, and the excretions cutaneously forced may, from some parts of the surface, be re-admitted to the circulation, and if poisonous or injurious, whenever the blood visits it, it must carry disease. Nature keeps her side of the interior clean and soft, and demands an unobstructed exterior, and exudes to the surface the refuse matter for removal by bathing and evaporation. A dry, light powder, mixed with sweat and oil from the glands, and dust, clogs upon the pores. As all parts of the cuticle have pores, as well as the face and arms, all the body should be bathed at least one-third as many times as these are.

On board a slave ship the small pox suddenly broke out. Medical aid was powerless. Every morning the dead in great numbers were thrown overboard. In the midst of terror and anguish, the negroes cried out, "Let us do as we do in our own country with the sick," and permission being given, they gently lowered their sick companions into the sea, letting them remain a few minutes, and then raised them, and placed them in the sunlight on deck until dried, when the disease left them and they were cured.

At Charleston, South Carolina, during an epidemic, among several northern mechanics who had gone there in company, but one escaped the prevailing fever, and he alone bathed frequently, and never slept at night in any of the clothes worn by day. The others cast off only the outer garments, slept in their perspiration, and died.

Cold water is used and prescribed much more than formerly, though many would think a physician not worth sending for who should prescribe so simple a remedy. Abernethy's advice to one of his wealthy patients was, "Let your servant bring to you three or four pailfuls of water and put it into a wash-bow. Take off your clothes, and get into it, and you'll recover." "This advice of yours seems like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," replied Abernethy, "it is open to that objection."

### About Learning to Shoot.

We have stated that some persons appeared to be naturally incapable of becoming good marksmen, as they dodged, just when the trigger was pulled. A correspondent alludes to our statement, and asserts that twenty years' experience and observation, have taught him that any person may become a good shot by observing the following directions:

"Allow the rifle to hang in the hands in an easy manner, declined at an angle of about 40 degrees; then raise it steadily but quickly in a line with the object, the eye ranging carefully over the sights, and at the instant the object arrived at it covered touch the trigger." He says, "I find there is a moment in which the gun is absolutely still, that is, the instant the upward movement of it is arrested. These directions observed will certainly make a good shot. If the shot is lost at the first trial, it can be recovered by a second.—Any deviation from this rule is fatal to accuracy."

It has been the experience of many persons in shooting that nervousness in firing is neutralized, in a great measure, by drawing the trigger slowly and steadily. We have known several nervous persons become very accurate marksmen, by cultivating a habit of steadiness, combined with promptness in touching the trigger just at the instant the sight covered the object, as described by our correspondent. All sportsmen who shoot birds on the wing must follow this practice, excepting in one feature, lowering instead of raising the muzzle. Our aborigines raise the muzzle when they fire; most of our rifle shooters and military men raise it first, above the line of aim, and then lower it. On this subject marksmen differ in opinion as to which is the best mode.

As to the best attitude and mode of holding a rifle in firing, no single rule can be followed by all. Soldiers should learn to take aim and fire rapidly in all positions—standing, kneeling, or lying on the ground rolled up like clods behind tufts of brushwood or grass. One contends that it is impossible to shoot accurately with a rifle unless a person stands in the position of our Western riflemen—erect and sideways, with the right elbow raised to the ear, muscles rigid as stone, the left hand merely supporting the rifle, and the elbow resting on the side. This may be the position for hunters and fancy shooters, but a regiment of soldiers drilled to fire exclusively upon such principles, would make excellent targets for the skirmishing riflemen of our military corps. At a distance of 800 yards, all the standing-up shooters could be picked off without a single Zouave exposing himself to a chance shot. Several well-known marksmen condemn a rigid position of the muscles in shooting. They recommend an easy and graceful, but firm position, the butt of the rifle held snugly, but not violently firm against the muscle of the right arm above the elbow, and the left hand placed under the barrel at the verticle axis—the point where the stock and barrel are balanced when held upon one forefinger.—*Scientific American.*

**SENTINEL CHALLENGES.**—A gentleman late from the troops at the Relay House says the sentinels have, in many instances a pleasant way of making challenges:

A fellow who had been fishing on the Patapsco, and had secured a fine string of fish, was stopped with the usual question "Who goes there?" "Fisherman," was the answer.

"Advance, fisherman, and drop two shad," said the alert sentinel, looking out for his own commissariat.

The Montgomery Confederation gets the following from a correspondent:

On the first night after my arrival, in passing from one quarter to another, I was stopped by a sentinel whom I recognized as private P—, (though he did not recognize me) I was asked for the countersign, and replied, "a friend with a bottle;" and the reply was "advance bottle and draw stopper," which I did, and was suffered to pass on my way rejoicing.

It is said that the Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, has written a letter to his friends in Kentucky, explaining his late extraordinary speech in favor of secession, attributing it to the fact that he was thrown off his guard by too generous indulgence in fire-water. In other words, he was drunk when he spoke for the cause of the rebels. Very likely.

### Parson Brownlow's Daughter.

A gentleman just arrived in Chicago from Knoxville, Tenn., brings intelligence of affairs in that city. He says that a large body of Secession troops are stationed there, for the express purpose of overawing Union men. It is a part of their business to engage in quarrels in saloons, and in street fights, with all who are not friendly to Secession. Two men were last week shot for no other offence than speaking words of loyalty to the Federal Government. The house of the bold-hearted and outspoken Parson Brownlow is the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes are floating. A few days ago two armed Secessionists went, at six o'clock in the morning, to haul down the flag. Miss Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of twenty-three, saw them on the piazza, and stepped out and demanded their business.

"We have come," they replied, "to take down those d—d Stars and Stripes!" She instantly drew a revolver from her side, and presenting it, said: "Go on! I am good for one, and I think for both, of you."

"By the looks of that girl's eye, she'll shoot," one remarked.

"I think we'd better not try it; we'll go back and get more men," said t'other.

"Go and get more men," said the noble lady; "get more men, and come and take it down—if you dare."

They returned with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down; but on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, who would rather die as dearly as possible than see their country's flag dishonored, the Secessionists retired!

Honor to the brave young lady!

**TRYING TO KITH ME.**—Looking over our exchanges, we find the following dialogue reported as having occurred in one of the Cincinnati public schools:

"I," says the person who witnessed the scene, "saw a little fellow with his arms around a little witch of a girl, endeavoring, if I interpreted the manifestations right, to kiss her."

"Tommy," said I, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothing, sir," spoke the bright-eyed boy, somewhat alarmed.

"He wath, thir—he wath trying to kith me, that he wath, thir!" said she eyeing him closely.

"Why, Lucy, what prompted him to act so ungentlemanly, right here in school?" I asked, anticipating some fun.

"Oh, he hitched up here, and then he wanted me to kith him, and I told him I wouldn't kith thuch a thumpy boy ath he ith; then he thred he'd kith me, and I told him he dathn't, but he thred he would do it, and I told him I would tell the matther if he did, but he thred he didn't care a thnap for the matther, and then he tried to kith me the harder!" and the little thing sighed.

"Why didn't you tell me, as you said you would?" I asked in a pleasant manner.

"Oh," she replied with charming naivete, "I didn't care much if he did kith me, and tho I thought I'd let him."

Here the whole school, who had been listening, instantly broke into an uproarious laugh, while our little hero and heroine blushed deeply.

**MR. SPARROWGRASS'S RESOLUTION.**—Mr. Sparrowgrass recently joined the "Home Guard" at Yonkers, New York, and said in a speech that "it is understood that the Home Guards is not to go to the wars and not to leave Yonkers, 'except in case of invasion.'"

This is as good as the old story of the Bungtown Riflemen, an Ohio military company, whose bylaw consisted of two sections, namely:

Article First—The company shall be known as the Bungtown Riflemen.

Article Second—In case of war this company shall immediately disband.

Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy.